

G E P P O
the haiku study-work journal
of the
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXII:4

July-August 1999

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 3299 | cold wind off the lake --
each removes a heavy glove
to strum the rigging | 3307 | the caravan
already headed westward
night is short |
| 3300 | last taxi to the airport --
he surrenders all
his souvenir coins | 3308 | on all fours
checking the beans
for ants I win! |
| 3301 | unpainted barges
slip beneath their rusted bridge
silent bearded men | 3309 | blazing heat
dad's red face
against my tan |
| 3302 | that eagle's nest
just about buries
the phone pole | 3310 | ice melting
in the tea--
amber to ecru |
| 3303 | garden weeds
feeling a bit guilty
when I pull them | 3311 | scorching sun
a power failure and
lost energy |
| 3304 | mowing
the grass -- damn
dog shit | 3312 | prayers for rain
the ground becomes sand
blowing dust around |
| 3305 | fighting against
a quirk of fate
praying mantis | 3313 | Fourth of July
the colorful fireworks
and clouds of smoke |
| 3306 | it is not known
where helicopter landed
starry night | 3314 | salmon run
the eagle's arc
from fir to fish |
-

- 3315 warm night
trains call back and forth
lonely
- 3316 weeds
lots of weeds
lots of big healthy weeds
- 3317 drought
only one pansy left--
faceless
- 3318 midsummer
a tall dead pine intersects
the fat moon
- 3319 development--
slash marks on selected
virgin timber
- 3320 Tanabata again
the wedding kimono
still in the closet
- 3321 midnight lightning
my eyes drift closed
between strikes
- 3322 standing between
honeysuckle and roses
work is forgotten
- 3323 dog day
on a faded tee shirt
the stars & bars
- 3324 a wasp
between window panes
summer morning
- 3325 end of summer
my friend is a pillow
that needs washing
- 3326 turquoise blouse
jade eye shadow – she insists
on her green eyes
- 3327 pedaling my bike
past the shiny taupe jeep —
“Suzuki Samurai”
- 3328 rolling hills
the more distant, the more blue
in July’s thick air
- 3329 sudden shower . . .
huddled beneath a blanket
netballers
- 3330 summer hat –
knotted handkerchief
covers a bald spot
- 3331 motorway
standing in a puddle
little blue heron
- 3332 old cat
slowly mincing to the toilet
beneath my front porch
- 3333 infant suckles
watching
girl touches herself
- 3334 executive meeting ended
in parking lot gravel
pigeons seek right one
- 3335 My neighbors fence
My Irises reach through
touching his Irises
- 3336 THE ROCK CONCERT
The rumble of distant thunder
is unheard

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 3337 | Heavy summer rains
My garden is covered
with daisies | 3248 | sudden shade
on the garden path
bamboo sprouts |
| 3338 | into the asana
the heat of the posture
the heat of the day | 3249 | the last day
of daughter's visit
distant fireworks |
| 3339 | summer solstice:
the tarot reader
shuffles his deck | 3250 | in a yukata
she talks the summer fly
out of the house |
| 3340 | long summer night...
the cat's squinting eyes
when the light clicks on | 3251 | star gazing
light years away
hum of a distant plane |
| 3341 | bedtime at camp
tip of a pine
on the moon | 3252 | produce surrounded
with plastic green
natural food store |
| 3342 | sun peeks out--
cruise ship's wake
the color of oxidized silver | 3253 | mercury rising
in the kitchen one Peace rose
unfolds its sweetness |
| 3243 | midnight sun party---
a toast with aquavit
dancing on ship's deck | 3254 | too long in garden
he's caught juice dribbling down chin
first ripe tomato |
| 3244 | cruise ship crossing Arctic Circle--
through the binoculars
tiny wild flowers on the tundra | 3255 | shadow of fire tower
stenciled on stones below
trees still green |
| 3245 | Morning stroll
in my path, the perfect web
... ducking beneath it | 3256 | wind chime--
I paint my toes
in the color of sunset |
| 3246 | Out of its cocoon
last year's worm, a butterfly
drying bright new wings | 3257 | Nagasaki Anniversary
I push
the mute button |
| 3247 | First hot summer day
the road leading to the beach
full of crowded cars | 3258 | chasing the summer...
jade earrings
with the letter 'happiness' |

- 3259 thump of sandals
on the boardwalk through the fog
-- yellow beachwort
- 3260 against and back
reflection of the hot sun
in harbor wavelets
- 3261 on a stalk of grass
beside the ridge trail
-- ladybug
- 3262 languidly she plies
the cardboard fan in her pew
eyes closed to the heat
- 3263 midsummer dawn
rotting fence rails pushed aside
the empty meadow
- 3264 straying from the path
my swollen daydreams are stabbed
by a star thistle
- 3265 flamenco segue--
the aroma of mango
before tasting it
- 3266 entering the first grade-
tangles of a broken web
on the door frame
- 3267 raku bowl --
she replaces his keyring
with pomegranates
- 3268 in this slatted shade
something of the black leopard
in the way I move
- 3269 summer moonrise-
can't imagine why I should
connect all these words

- 3270 back through the shallows
the spinner's last little burst
of swirl and sparkle
- 3271 submarine shapes
in a turbid canal
flash of carp scales
- 3272 ivy-covered building
q u a k i n g
a slight breeze
- 3273 shorn field
speeding *sizzle* above
meteor details at 11:00
- 3274 the garden pavers
you took all summer to place
-- in your absence
- 3275 at the hill's rim
that lemonade light before
the stars came out
- 3276 fields of new stubble
numberless blackbirds rising
and circling above

Challenge Kigo for July/August

"Dog Days"

Dog Day
a water balloon
bull's eye

Gloria H. Procsal

dog days of summer
I encounter a neighbor
who just wants to sleep

Eve Jeanette Blohm

Dog Days
rabbit in the full moon
just sits there

Yvonne Hardenbrook

midnight police siren one, two, three, four dogs respond – words filled with stars	Ross Figgins	nothing moving not even the wind dog days	Naomi Y. Brown
my sweaty back against the loft hay—ah these daydreaming Dog Days	Eugenie Waldteufel	dog days on the trail old man in the shade wags his cane	Laura Bell
grey Seattle sky Dog Days of my youth .so far away	Kathleen Decker	growing a back lawn dog days turn green to yellow no walking barefoot	Christine Doreian Michaels
Where do you live? In Boston more or less - dog days of summer	Zinovy Vayman	Dog's Day no jar big enough for her womanhood	Fay Aoyagi
Dog Day the gas tank opens with a sigh	John Stevenson	Dog Day afternoon mating koi break the surface of the garden pond	Pat Gallagher
souvenir lei made of toffees and thread - Dog Day afternoon	Patricia Prime	power blackout – Dog Day afternoon more still	Claire Gallagher
Mint julip in hand in my air-conditioned home Surviving Dog Days	Richard Bruckart	dog days backyard pet watching a star	Alec Kowalczyk
Dog Days— sweat from another hot flash blotted with kleenex	Carolyn Thomas	deep in the dog days neighborhood kids on the porch their chins in their hands	Alice Benedict
another Dog Day my usual three-scoop cone bag lady staring	Louise Beaven	a gentle nudge pushes me awake -- dog day afternoon	Alex Benedict

**SEASON WORDS
for early autumn**

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology

Season: *September, October; lingering summer heat, beginning of autumn, autumn equinox, chilly night, long night.*

Sky and Elements: *autumn rain, ~ sky, ~wind, long night, (full) moon, night of stars, sardine cloud.*

Landscape: *autumn moor, leaves turning, reaped or harvested fields, vineyards.*

Human Affairs: *autumn loneliness, end of summer vacation, gleanng, harvest, mushroom gathering, scarecrow, school begins, Tanabata (Star Festival), Obon Festival/dance, Labor Day, Rosh Hashanah, Halloween (jack o' lantern, trick or treating, witch, black cat, ghost, haunted house).*

Animals: *autumn mackerel, bagworm, clear-toned cicada, cricket, deer, dragonfly, red dragonfly, grasshopper, ground beetle, insects' cry, katydid, monarch butterfly, migrating geese/cranes/storks, praying mantis, quail, salmon, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, wild geese, woodpecker.*

Plants: *apple, wild aster, autumn leaves, banana plant, buckwheat, bush clover, chamomile, chestnut, chrysanthemum, corn, cranberry, dried grass or plants, fallen or falling leaves, gourds, grapes, huckleberry, maiden flower, morning glory, mushrooms, nuts, orchid, pampas grass plumes, pear, persimmon, pomegranate, pumpkin, reeds, reed flowers/tassels, rose of sharon, squash, vines, weed flowers.*



GEPP0

is the bimonthly studywork journal of the YukiTeikei Haiku Society. Haiku are published as submitted, and members may cast votes for haiku from the preceding issue. In this way we learn by studying the work of others, and by the response to our own work. Subscription is \$15,00 per year which includes membership in the Society.

Editor * Jean Hale

Design * Alice Benedict

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

1999-2000 Officers

Roger Abe, President * Pat Gallagher, Vice President
Kiyoko Tokutomi, Treasurer * Jean Hale, Secretary
Patricia Machmiller, Alex Benedict, June Hymas
Members at Large

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is October 10!

- Print your name, address and all poems and votes on a single, full size sheet of paper. You can include:
 - Haiku - up to three haiku appropriate to the season. Poems must be in three lines.
 - Challenge Kigo Haiku - one 3-line haiku that uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. Try to use just the one season word. The poem will be printed with your name.
 - Votes - Write numbers of up to ten poems from the current issue that you especially appreciate. Choose up to three poems to receive 5 points each; others will receive 1 point. Poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

Send to:

Jean Hale

Dōjins' Corner

by Patricia J Machmiller and Jerry Ball

This is a feature article in which Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball, founding members of the Yuki Teikei Society, comment on three haiku they each found the most interesting from the previous issue. In Japan, dojin is a formal rank accorded to poets who can demonstrate knowledge and mastery of haiku practice. Patricia and Jerry have both gone through this process.

Jerry and Patricia have chosen the following for comment: Jerry chose 3236, 3241, and 3255; Patricia 3254, 3280, and 3293.

3236 pulling the weeds
thinking of the old poets
who would have left them

jb: This is a quiet moment where one might be just a little tired of pulling weeds. Often it's at the point of just a little fatigue when ideas pop into one's mind. It's easy to see how one might think of the "old poets"

leaving the weeds. So human it is to have this kind of lyric rationalization. Yet one carries on with the weeds. Also, I think of how I might have compassion for the weeds—they are living creatures. We call them "weeds" simply because they do not seem useful to us. So this haiku helps me call to mind something of my inner self.

pjm: This haiku is a meditation on the unglamorous task of weeding, an act of labor requiring attention to one's surroundings. And in the process the weeding leads to questions about the act itself—questions of how we fit in the natural world. Within the word, weed, is the human judgment about the natural world—which plants are desirable and which are not. And the act of weeding brings in an aspect of human control acting on the judgment of what deserves to live and what does not. In recognition of the responsibility, the poet thinks, perhaps, the old poets might offer some guidance. This thought would resonate better for me if I could think of an actual literary reference that would validate a look to the past among the poets for guidance. Since I can't (and it could be my own ignorance here), the poem doesn't quite ring true for me.

A small note on craftsmanship: the poet might consider revising the poem slightly to eliminate one of the participles.

3241 azaleas
a different shade
at every gate

jb: This also is a lyric. We are not dramatizing the color here, we simply acknowledge its existence and are happy about it. We are not "enlightened" since we always knew about the colors, yet this is a reminder.

pjm: I'm thinking that this haiku is on its way to becoming. The image has potential, but, as Jerry says, the color is not dramatized here. I think the poem needs language that would resonate with the vividness and energy of the azaleas. There is music in the language to work with (the long

"a" in azalea, shade, and gate) and three unused syllables. The words, "different" and "every," are rather colorless, uninteresting words. And the syntax of the language is bland. I would encourage the poet to play with both the structure and language of the poem to get some sparks going.

3254 Tennessee backroads
Willie on the radio
the budding dogwood.

pjm: A constellation of the simple and unpretentious: a backroad, a country song, and that simplest of flower, the dogwood—four simple petals in simple white—in its budding stage. The idea of budding, of beginning, of growth, holds the key to this haiku. That in the simplest of things is the potential for beauty of the deepest kind—the kind that music gives, or a sudden turn in an out-of-the-way road somewhere, or a flower—the dogwood—in full bloom!

jb: I like what I think the idea is for this haiku but I'm not sure. My problem is that I don't see how the three lines are connected. I'm not sure why this isn't just a statement of three images that might hang together. I need more of a clue.

3255 where the river stills
a white-bellied fish
lighting the dusk

jb: This is my favorite of the whole GEPP0. It's like a haiku of Onitsura's: a trout leaps/clouds are moving/in the bed of the stream. Again this is a simple image that suggests a great deal. I have to be reminded that one simple (even unintentional) thing might change the universe. In this case it's a white-bellied fish with its belly reflecting the light.

pjm: I, too, believe this image to be the best of the GEPP0. And I'm glad that Jerry picked it so that we can discuss it. The haiku image, in my view, is deepened by combining it with a kigo. While it may not be necessary, I tend to think, more and more, that the kigo

is what distinguishes an image and makes it memorable. A good image has power, but very few images are memorable over time without some grounding, without having something with which to resonate. The kigo draws in larger associations, both cultural and literary, and it grounds the image in the cycle of the seasons. Onitsura's poem which Jerry quotes, for example, has trout as the kigo for summer. Would this haiku, "where the river stills . . ." be more resonant, and therefore more memorable, if it used "trout" instead of "fish" or "summer dusk" instead of "dusk"? The image of a white-bellied fish lighting the dusk also resonates for me with "summer's end." Each of these kigo bring up subtle, but different, emotions, connotations, and allusions to other haiku giving the image and the haiku a richer and more complex context and depth.

3280 naked toddlers

try to catch them as they fall
cherry petals

pjm: This haiku evokes for me, through the innocence of the toddlers and the delicate beauty of their simple, unclad state, the simple, innocent, yet sensual beauty of the cherry blossoms. I think that this is what we are trying to achieve in haiku—that unspoken, yet resonate, reflection of the haiku image and the kigo.

jb: This is a sweet image and it is lyrical. There's no new insight here, it's something we know and, perhaps, have always known, that youth and old age are parts of life. The cherry petals fall to the delight of the unsuspecting youth. I think it's a nice haiku.

3293 into the stop bath

my black and white photograph
of cherry blossoms

pjm: As a general rule, I am not drawn to haiku that feature a painting or a photograph of the kigo. I much prefer haiku that present the kigo in its natural state. The fact that this haiku appealed to me took me by surprise. The cherry blossoms don't appear until the last line and the poet has set me up to anticipate a black-and-white image which, when the cherry blossoms appear in my consciousness, are even more delicate, more poignant in this stark, no-

color state. The removal of the color from the image foregrounds and brings into the focus the intricate form of the cherry blossoms and makes me more aware of how delicious and delicate the color is as I mentally try to reconstruct it from memory.

jb: This haiku is an attempt to dramatize the liveliness and color of cherry blossoms. Knowing that we can't ever photograph the real color of cherry blossoms, we give way to just taking a black and white. The contrast is between the color versus no-color, with no-color somehow having a kind of inevitability.

We would be glad to hear from you, your thoughts and reactions: e-mail us at

of Jean Hale at the GEPP0.

**Members' Votes for
Poems in May-June**

Fay Aoyagi – 3229-0 3230-0 3231-11
 Anne Homan – 3232-8 3233-0 3234-2
 Carolyn Thomas – 32354-2 3236-20 3237-2
 Robert Gibson – 3238-29 3239-8 3240-5
 Y. Hardenbrook – 3241-6 3242-6 3243-2
 Teruo Yamagata – 3244-1 3245-2 3246-5
 Ross Figgins – 3247-0 3248-11 3249-0
 Echo Goodmansen – 3250-19 3251-7 3252-35
 Gloria Procsal – 3253-0 3254-1 3255-27
 Laura Bell – 3256-24 3257-25 3258-14
 Louise Beaven – 3259-4
 D. L. Bachelor – 3260-2 3261-5 3262-3
 Alec Kowalczyk – 3263-2 3264-0 3265-3
 Christine Michaels – 3266-1 3267-6 3268-0
 Naomi Brown – 3269-0 3270-3 3271-0
 Patricia Prime – 3272-3 3273-0 3274-3
 Joan Zimmerman – 3275-2 3276-2 3277-0
 Christopher Herold – 3278-10 3279-8 3280-15
 Alex Benedict – 2181-5 3282-2 3283-1
 Richard Bruckart – 3284-0 3285-28 3286-0
 Robin Chancefellow – 3287-0 3288-0 3289-1
 Zinoviy Vayman – 3290-3 3291-2 3292-1
 Alice Benedict – 3293-26 3294-21 3295-7
 John Stevenson – 3296-17 3297-3 3298-8

May-June Haiku Voted as Best by the readers of Geppo

<p>smoothing out the crumpled letter how to answer</p>	<p>Echo Goodmansen</p>	<p>the whale's eyes seem small on the whale</p>	<p>Echo Goodmansen</p>
<p>car wash wet summer girls at every window</p>	<p>Robert Gibson</p>	<p>drizzle- a boy in a ball cap pokes his broccoli</p>	<p>John Stevenson</p>
<p>My wife's marriage album Pictures of her happiness with someone else</p>	<p>Richard Bruckart</p>	<p>naked toddlers try to catch them as they fall cherry petals</p>	<p>Christopher Herold</p>
<p>where the river stills a white-bellied fish lighting the dusk</p>	<p>Gloria Procsal</p>	<p>church collection the rattle of my small coin</p>	<p>Laura Bell</p>
<p>into the stop bath my black and white photograph of cherry blossoms</p>	<p>Alice Benedict</p>	<p>Staten Island ferry – I scatter rose petals to be me again</p>	<p>Fay Aoyagi</p>
<p>outside for a little fresh air and a cigarette</p>	<p>Laura Bell</p>	<p>season's first picnic fingers move in silent count – the haiku poet</p>	<p>Ross Figgins</p>
<p>greeting my dying friend the apology in her eyes</p>	<p>Laura Bell</p>	<p>makeshift hovels at the filthy edge of town children's laughter</p>	<p>Christopher Herold</p>
<p>pulling the weeds thinking of the old poets who would have left them</p>	<p>Carolyn Thomas</p>		

Challenge Kigo for September-October

Leaves turning color by Alice Benedict

We know that the green leaves of summer will turn color and fall. Its actual beginning brings deep physical satisfaction, though tinged with a sense of urgency. Perhaps just at this point, we realize that the air is indeed cooler. The sun is setting earlier. We anticipate the glorious palettes of color that will soon be glowing on the hills, and the coming of nature's quiescence after the harvest.

leaves turning yellow
I grab all the words I can
to end my novel

Leatrice Lifshitz
in *Haiku World*, W.J. Higginson, ed. p. 219

its dappled shade, too
beginning to turn color
the mountain maple
Alice Benedict

Editor's Note

Thank to all for the strong response to our recent request for membership renewal. And a special thanks to the many of you who included gifts.

Also, I haven't mentioned it recently but we continue to be grateful to those who send self-addressed envelopes. It all helps!

Call for haiku

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society will mark the 25th anniversary of its founding during the year 2000. In celebration, the Society plans to publish a commemorative issue of the *Haiku Journal*. This volume will contain articles, reminiscences and a section of member's haiku. We hope this special section will be able to present a haiku from each member. Deadline for the receipt of submitted haiku is January 10, 2000. There is no fee. The selection committee will notify you by March 10, 2000 which one of your haiku has been chosen. Copies of this *Haiku Journal* will be available for purchase after May 20th at a cost of approximately \$14. Please read carefully and follow the guidelines below.

Guidelines:

- n Submit a generous group of 10 to 15 haiku typed or printed on plain white paper.
- n Or, Email submissions may be sent to: hymas@aol.com
- n Haiku should be in the 5-7-5 syllable form.
- n Haiku should be unpublished and not submitted elsewhere.
- n Each haiku should contain one kigo, or season word. Please underline the kigo.
- n Check carefully for extra kigo, each haiku should contain only one.
- n Please select your best work; this should be a very special issue which will demonstrate the richness, strength and emotional power of haiku in traditional form.

In-hand deadline, January 10, 2000. Send haiku to coordinator: June Hopper Hymas,

In Memoriam - George Knox

Avid haiku poet, bonsai enthusiast, and retired English professor George Knox passed away on June 16, 1999, in Riverside, California. An enthusiastic writer of mostly traditional-style haiku, Knox excelled at creating poems with whimsical humor. After receiving his BA from Reed College in Oregon, Knox enlisted in the USNR and served in the Amphibious Forces, U.S. Pacific Fleet, until December, 1945. He later married Elizabeth Hydinger, earned his MA degree in English from the University of Oregon, and received his Ph.D. from the University of Washington. With their three young children, George and Elizabeth moved to Riverside, California, in 1954, where George joined the faculty of the Division of Humanities at the University of California, Riverside. He later joined the Department of English and taught there until his retirement in 1984. His specialties were 19th century and modern British and American literatures. He also taught American literature at the Universities of Vienna, Erlangen-Nürnberg, and Trier during sabbatical leaves. During his teaching career, Knox wrote and edited several academic books. In 1994 he self-published a collection of his haiku entitled "Tendrils of the Eye," in which he said that he never really "experienced" haiku and other Japanese forms until after his retirement, despite being familiar with them beforehand. "Since then," he wrote, "haiku has become closely compatible with my devotion to bonsai, and in fact a daily preoccupation." George revised his poems tirelessly (as an editor, I never knew when he was one!), and he took great delight in language and seeing the lightness of living. His poems were sometimes quirky, but predominantly well-crafted, and often made literary, artistic, geographical, and historical allusions that would challenge readers who read too casually. He was a poet who found his voice, even if it may have been offbeat and sometimes at his own rhythm-- it was a rhythm that I grew to appreciate. George had an infectious enthusiasm for haiku and a love of language that made his poems distinctive. In recent years George and his wife, Elizabeth (also a haiku poet), were loyal participants in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's annual haiku retreat at Asilomar, where his presence will be particularly missed.

Adapted and expanded by Michael Dylan Welch
from the biography in George Knox's, *Tendrils Of The Eye*

Poems by George Knox

calling to his wife
come listen to the tree frog
the sudden silence

fall camphor berries
gathering dust on my desk
I'd planned to taste them

dousing New Year's lights
in an impulsive embrace
clash of bifocals

(The first two poems were published in *Tendrils Of the Eye*; the last in *still life with stars*, 1996 Yuki Teikei Members' Anthology, Alex Benedict, editor)

Remembering George:

wooden railing
the silhouette of a bonsai
against dry grass

Alex Benedict

after the harvest
yet still, blackberry tendrils
reach for the light

Maggie Chula

watering bonsai —
the arc of my attention
from one to the next

Alice Benedict

in slow-motion dance
he follows its beckoning
— autumn butterfly

Patricia J. Machmiller

vanished into blue
the hummer that flew straight up
did not swoop down

Christopher Herold

Meeting Calendar

September 9 – 12 – Asilomar Retreat

October 9 – General Meeting, 1:30 PM,
Valley Health Center, San Jose

October 23 – 6:00 PM Moonviewing Party at
the Gallaghers' home in Sunnyvale. Bring food
and beverage for a pot luck supper, and poems
to share. Call

November 13 - General Meeting 1:30 PM,
Valley Health Center, San Jose.

December 11 - Holiday Potluck at Jean Hale's
home in Cupertino.

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